

"Liberian"

THE HUNTSMAN'S ECHO.

The Platte Valley--The Home for Millions--and Highway to the Pacific.

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 pared to Ranch any amount of horses,
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 perience in the business, so that they can
 give the most satisfactory results. We have
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 kinds of stock for cash in hand. In con-
 nection with our Ranche, we have a good
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Truth.

Truth is noble, frank and free,
 Truth is bold and never fears,
 Truth is old as land or sea--
 Truth hath stood the test of years.

Truth upholds the man of State,
 Truth supports in humble life.
 Truth decides all issues great--
 Drawing the line 'twixt those at strife.

Truth adorns the sprightly youth,
 Likewise those of riper age;
 Men admire the man of truth,
 Though in falsehood they engage.

Truth is best for books or trade,
 Truth will keep the conscience clear;
 Men to court a blooming maid,
 Truth will make you best appear.

"Truth though crushed, shall rise again,"
 Rise, and take an onward course;
 Hope of conquering truth is vain;
 It has such a vast resource.

Truth is mighty, 'twill prevail,
 Truth will spread from shore to shore,
 Truth by Time can never fail--
 'Twill be truth for evermore.

TO THE CARNATION.
 BY I. C. HOWARD.

The proud carnation, towering on its stem,
 Peeps from its emerald cap with coy delay,
 Till brightly flowing like an eastern gem,
 It glows and deepens in the sun's warm ray.

Its breath, like sweets of Araby the blest,
 Eight win our praise, were it a homely flower;
 But rich and splendid in its fringed vest,
 As aught that graces Indian grove or bower.

Its slender stem, waved by the zephyr's wing,
 Wide on the air its spicy fragrance throws;
 And gem'd with dew, at morning's early spring,
 Its scent and beauty far outvie the rose.

Empress of flowers, worthy art thou to twine
 The brow of Love, and grace his golden bow;
 For fragrance lingers on that breath of thine,
 When shrunk thy leaves, and faded is thy glow.

Philosophy of Grumbling!
 "Kilicute," Voltaire tells us, "is
 the most powerful of all weapons,"
 it slays without giving us a chance to
 murmur." And this "chance to murmur,"
 here let us observe, is some-
 thing which human nature enjoys too
 much to lose without a double pang
 of anguish. Everybody loves to
 grumble. Englishmen are credit-
 ed by the adage, with that especial dis-
 position--but it is peculiar to no one
 nation; it is common to humanity.

And grumbling, allow us to observe,
 is just as necessary to our well-being
 as laughter! A person always equal
 and contented would be like a cli-
 mate all sunshine and mildness--a
 most monotonous, dull, inactive con-
 dition of a seemingly beautiful existence.
 The most lovely spots in the world
 are visited with storms, and those
 tropical ones in which Nature is most
 energetic and most liberal, are afflic-
 ted with the most frightful exhibitions
 of her character. In like manner, the
 most cheerful heart has its moments
 of despairing grief; the more pro-
 found the disposition, the more pro-
 found are its outbursts of despondency;
 within the quietest of human bosoms
 lie dormant the fiercest passions,
 which, when evoked by circumstances,
 effect the most terrible destruction.

Men grumble, just as children cry--
 because it is an impulse he cannot re-
 sist; because his physical condition
 demands it. He grumbles, just as he
 sighs, or yawns, or stretches himself,
 not because he loves to do those things,
 but because his bodily organs, his
 muscles, sinews, tissues, etc., all de-
 mand, at that particular time, that
 particular species of exercise, and with-
 out it would be inconvenienced. To
 deprive him of the power of grumbling
 is equivalent, therefore, to depriving
 him of the ability to perspire, and in
 both cases, that is thrown back into
 the general system which Nature de-
 sires to have removed, and suffering
 is the inevitable consequence.

So much for the material view of
 the subject of grumbling. The men-
 tal view is not at all less interesting.
 Thunder clears the sky of its summer-
 clouds. Grumbling does fully as much
 for the atmosphere of the human mind.
 It removes the accumulated vapors;
 it dissipates the dampening, heavy,
 sombre reaction of days of active
 warmth, and nights of redundant vi-
 vacuity. We must repine, or we shall
 never feel, by contrast, the full excite-
 ment of delightful anticipation. We
 must murmur at times, or we shall
 never thoroughly enjoy, for want of
 adequate comparison, the voluptuous
 silence of perfect satisfaction. To de-
 prive us of our "chance to murmur"

Died Poor.

"It was a sad funeral for me," said
 the speaker: "the saddest one I have
 attended for many years."
 "That of Edmondson?"
 "Yes."
 "How did he die?"
 "Poor--poor as poverty--his life
 was one long struggle with the world,
 and at a sad age to him. For-
 tune mocked all the while with golden
 promises, none of which were real-
 ized."

"Ye he was patient and enduring,"
 remarked one of the company.
 "Patient as a lamb--enduring as a
 martyr," was the reply. "Poor man!
 he was worthy a better fate. He
 ought to have succeeded, for he de-
 served success."

"He did not succeed?" questioned
 the one who had spoken of his per-
 severance and endurance.
 "No sir; he died as poor as I have
 just said. No living that he ever put
 his hand to ever succeeded. A strange
 fatality seemed to attend every enter-
 prise."

"I was with him in his last mo-
 ments," said the other, and I thought
 he died rich."
 "No, he left nothing behind," was
 the reply. "The heirs will have no
 concern as to the administration of his
 estate."

"He left a good name," said one,
 "and that is something."
 "And a legacy of noble deeds done
 in the name of humanity," said a
 third.

"Lessons of patience in suffering,
 of hope in adversity, of heavenly con-
 fidence when no sunbeams fell upon
 his bewildered path," was the testi-
 mony of another.

"And high truth, manly courage,
 and heroic fortitude."
 "Then he died rich," was the em-
 phatic declaration. "Richer than the
 millionaire who went to his long home
 on the same day, a miserable pauper
 in all but gold."

"A sad funeral, did you say? No,
 my friend, it was rather a triumphal
 procession. Not a burial of a human
 clod, but a ceremonial attendant upon
 the translation of an angel. Did
 he not succeed? Why, his whole life
 was a continued scene of successes.--
 In every conflict he came out victor,
 and now the victor's crown is upon his
 brow."

"Any grasping, soulless man, with
 a share of brains, may gather in money
 and learn the art of keeping it; but
 not one in a hundred can bravely con-
 quer in the battle of life as Edmond-
 son has done, and step out of the
 ranks of men a moral hero."

Senatorial Fun!
 A wagish individual has been
 "sarchin" the dictionary, and pre-
 sents the following play of words
 upon the Senators of the United
 States:

A fording Senator--Wade.
 A Roman Senator--Anthony.
 A Senatorial bur--Chestnut.
 A grave Senator--Toombs.
 A Senator for pursuit--Chase.
 A Royal Senator--King.
 A brick of a Senator--Mason.
 A sporting Senator--Hunter.
 An adhesive Senator--Clay.
 A Senatorial nurse--Foster.
 A whos' of a Senator--Bayard.
 A Senatorial pea--Fitch.
 A Senatorial Israelite--Benjamin.
 A Senatorial Edible--Rice.
 A perforating Senator--Pearce.
 A Senator well done--Brown.
 A Boasting Senator--Bragg.
 A Senator of metal--Bell.
 A shining Senator--Bright.
 A verdant Senator--Green.
 A church Senator--Pugh.
 A greasy Senator--Chandler.
 A diplooms Senator--Wigfall.
 A healthy Senator--Hale.
 A Senatorial by-way--Lane.
 A Senator to boot--foot.

TURKISH LIBERALITY.--The bigoted
 prejudices against Christians in the
 dominions of the sultan is fast fading
 away, as might be anticipated from
 the present political condition of the
 Ottoman empire. Lately, the Mosque
 of Omar, at Jerusalem, was thrown
 open to the Duke of Brabant, and a
 number of other distinguished Chris-
 tian visitors. Under an improved po-
 litical system, the Turks might yet be-
 come valuable members of the great
 community of nations. We can never
 forget how the sultan of Turkey
 sheltered Kossuth and his glorious
 companions, when the Austrian eagle
 and the Russian bear were prowling
 on their track.--Flag of our Union.

VIRTUE--OVER THE LEFT.--Multiplying the
 faults of others, and adding thereto, in order to
 make them equal to our own.

A Double M. STARK.

A Washington correspondent tells this story:
 Gen. Cass was at the National, which
 has been renovated by the new land-
 lord, Guy, late of Baltimore. Cur-
 iously enough, Mr. Guy is a living fac-
 simile of the great "Michigannder," and
 they tell a story of a guest at the ho-
 tel, who rather astonished the Senator
 by a demand for a better room. At
 about an hour afterwards, as Gen.
 Cass was leaving the house to go to
 the Senate, up came the man again,
 and this time he commenced his re-
 marks by a familiar slip on the shoul-
 der. "Now, I've got you, Guy," said
 he, "and I want you to have me mov-
 ed down a story or two. Confound
 it, I thought I asked you this morn-
 ing, but it turned out to be old Cass
 I was speaking to, and he looked as
 cross as a bear with a sore head."

"Sir," said the Senator, in a stern
 tone, and with a pulverizing glance,
 "you are evidently liable to mistakes
 for you are now talking to Gen. Cass
 a second time. Good morning, sir."
 The astonished victim rushed to the
 bar, paid his bill, and moved to Wil-
 lard's without delay.

ANECDOTE OF SWARTZ.--Sanerant
 relates the following anecdote of
 Christopher Swartz, a famous Ger-
 man painter which, if true, redounds
 more to his ingenuity than credit--
 Having been engaged to paint the
 ceiling of the Town Hall, at Munich,
 by the day--his love of dissipation in-
 duced him to neglect his work, so that
 the magistrate and overseers of the
 work were frequently obliged to hunt
 him out of the tavern. As he could
 no longer drink in quiet he stuffed
 an stuffed an image of himself, left the
 legs hanging down between the stag-
 ing where he was accustomed to work
 and sent one of his boon companions
 to move the image a little two or three
 times a day and take it away at noon
 and at night. By means of this decep-
 tion, he drank without the least dis-
 turbance, a whole fortnight togeth-
 er the inn-keeper being aware of the
 plot. The officers came round to
 a day to look after him, and see
 the well-known stockings which
 used to wear, suspected nothing
 wrong, and went their way, greatly
 extolling their own convert as the
 most industrious and conscientious
 painter in the world.

A celebrated engineer being
 examined at a trial, where both the
 judge and counsel tried in vain to
 brow-beat him, made use in his evi-
 dence of the expression, "the creative
 power of a mechanic," on which the
 judge rather tartly asked him "what
 he meant by 'the creative power of a
 mechanic?'" "Why, my lord," said
 the engineer, "I mean that power
 which enables a man to convert a
 goat's tail into a judge's wig."

From what small causes great
 effects may come! An auctioneer's
 hammer is a little thing, yet it is ca-
 pable of knocking down the largest
 house, and breaking up the most ex-
 tensive establishment.

JUMPING.--Old Lines, of Connecti-
 cut, used to bet with young men, that
 he could jump as far, in the same
 ground and direction, as they. As
 often as he found a novice to accept,
 he would say, "I am decrepit and you
 spry, therefore permit me to choose
 the ground." Certainly. Well the
 ground would be chosen within a foot
 of the house, and he would jump his
 toes against it, and say, "Jump far-
 ther there, and in that direction, if
 you can." Once he was beaten, for
 happening to choose a spot beneath a
 window, his competitor took out the
 sashes, and jumped into the room.

The girls at Cohasset make
 no hing of going into the water and
 bringing out a shark or a mackerel
 by the nose. They live chiefly on
 sea fare, and when they die are pre-
 served half a century. Their hair, in
 their old age, turns into dry sea-weed;
 and, if they have worn caps in their
 old age, the cap is stiff and glistening
 with crystallizations of salt, and, if you
 fall in love with them in their youth,
 you'll find yourself in a pickle.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?--Gerald
 receives from the Austrian and Ger-
 man newspapers applied to him;
 titles of "monster in human shape,"
 "Antichrist, bandit, professional en-
 el, pirate, adventurer, &c.," while
 the papers of Sardinia and the Rom-
 agna call him the "heretic son of It-
 aly, the genius of Italy, the redem-
 er of Italy, and the archangel Gabrie-
 l in human shape on earth."